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THE

SCHOOL FOR PARENTS.

School for Parents.

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THE

School for Parents:

By the Author of

DERWENT PRIORY.

To which is prefixed,

PITY RECOMMENDED TO YOUTH,

A TALE.

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1802.

THE
SCHOOL FOR PARENTS.

"Familiar histories may, perhaps, be made of "greater use than the solemnities of professed "morality, and convey the knowledge of vice "and virtue with more efficacy than axioms and "definitions."

RAMBLER.

SIR James Ormsby, of Ormsby Manor, in the county of Somerset, was descended from an ancient and honourable family, who proudly traced their descent up to the heroes of the Crusade.

It had been the practice of the Ormsbys, for time immemorial, to pay more attention to the aggrandizing than to the en-

riching of their family. This, by long practice, was at length become an hereditary obligation; aud Sir James had in nowise deviated from the example of his progenitors, for he had married a lady whose high notions of ancestry, if possible, exceeded his own. Her person had been pleasing, and her address insinuating; but her sentiments were narrow, and her prejudices unconquerable. Being the daughter of a person whose great grandfather had been one of the lords in waiting to king William the IIId. she was, of course well stocked with secret anecdotes of the last century, and could relate without the loss of a syllable, a compliment that Queen Ann paid to her grandmother on the loyalty of her family.

This lady presented Sir James with two sons; the future Sir James was the

idol of the fond mother's heart, who fancied she should, hereafter, see him possessed of all those advantages of person and address that had raised her family to the celebrity it had long enjoyed. A male heir to that family was wanting; the title was extinct; oh could it but be renewed in her darling boy! This idea having once taken possession of her mind, every subsequent action of her life led on to the preparation for that important event; and in her mind's eye, little James was already Baron Cockle, Viscount Frogmore, and Earl of Dewberry. He was taught to assume an important dignity in behaviour, and regularly instructed in the science of heraldry; and before he was seven years old, he could repeat all the names of the most eminent of his ancestors. He was to be educated at

home under the eye of his mother, for fear his spirit should be broken by contradiction, or his wit injured by application. Unfortunately, Sir James's fortune could ill bear any considerable addition to his expenditure, as he had always, for the honour of his family, supported a numerous retinue; he was therefore, much embarrassed when his lady imperiously demanded a tutor for her son.

"I was in hopes, my Lady Ormsby," he replied, that you would let the boys have gone to school, it would be much better for them, and save me a great deal of money." Save money!" exclaimed the lady, in tones of indignation, "what, sir, is the daughter of a Peer to study with plebeian accuracy, the value of money?" "Well, but my lady, consider the expence of a tutor at home." "I will not

be at the trouble of considering at all, Sir James; my son shall be educated at home. Barbarian! would you rob me of my only comfort, my dear little Dewberry?—Oh! a nasty, filthy, mean school, would be the death of him, I know it would, and I should die for grief, and then you would be happy; for your booby of a George would be heir to the estate; I know it is"—" Hold, madam," cried Sir James, "and do not accuse me falsely; I love both my boys alike, I wish their mother did the same." This reproach had weight for a moment with Lady Ormsby, and she continued silent, while Sir James enumerated the advantages (to boys) in particular, of a public education.

He dwelt some time on the saving which it would produce, as the servants

which now attended the children might be dismissed, and one carriage, instead of two, would serve the purposes of the family. But, alas! both his prudence and his rhetoric were equally disregarded; at length, after a long altercation, it was agreed that a tutor should be sought for; but Sir James stipulated that no one should be engaged that was not a good sportsman, an agreeable companion, and a tolerable hand at whist. With his other qualifications he did not pretend to interfere. To these conditions Lady Ormsby made but little objection. A tutor soon after made his appearance, well recommended, whose obliging manners and easy disposition, bade fair to insure him the good opinion of those with whom he was about to engage. Lady Ormsby commanded him to pay particu-

lar attention to James; while the Baronet requested that poor little George might not quite be forgotten. Mr. Selby bowed first to the Lady, and then to the Baronet: the boys were summoned. James first made his appearance; he bowed with great gravity at his entrance, measured his steps across the apartment with precision, and then with a kind of mixed emotion, between dignity and fear, (such as we may suppose to have been felt by his majesty of Lilliput, when he first beheld the formidable appearance of Gulliver) did our expectant peer present his hand to Mr. Selby. But the suavity of the latter soon wore off all restraint, and James began to relate to him all the family anecdotes with which his little head was so copiously stored. "James is no fool," nodded the Baronet. "His intel-

lects are very lively," said Mr. Selby. "I hope," cried her Ladyship, "that you will not injure his genius by heavy studies; his nerves are weak, and his memory must not be overloaded." Again Mr. Selby bowed. "I suppose you can smoke," said Sir James. "No really, sir, I cannot." "*Hum!*" cried the Baronet —"but you can play at whist? The reply was in the affirmative. "You are acquainted with music," I hope," said Lady Ormsby. "I am no performer, madam," "But you are fond of music," continued her Ladyship, "for I should have a very indifferent opinion of any one's sensibility that was unmoved at the concord of sweet sounds."—"Sweet sounds," cried the Baronet, "fiddlestick for your sweet sounds, give me the man that loves the sweet air of a morning, that braces his

nerves with exercise, and rides after the chorus of dogs in full cry."—"Oh, brutish, barbarous, savage pastime!" cried the Lady with an affected languor. Sir James was about to reply, for he always gained courage from the presence of a third person, when this very edifying conversation was interrupted by the entrance of George, besmeared with dirt, and speckled with blood. He was dragging in a large white terrier, who was nearly in the same condition. "What has the michievous creature been doing?" cried her Ladyship. "Do, Jemmy, get up in a chair, you will be all over mud." Then turning to George, she exclaimed, "Little wretch! how dare you come into my presence in that filthy condition!" "Come hither, George," cried the Baronet. "Leave the room," said her

Ladyship; and while he paused, irresolute which to obey, Mr. Selby advanced towards him, and enquired the reason of his doleful appearance. "Why" said she, "Mat. Jenkin's dog fell foul of Ratler, and he was so much bigger that I was afraid he would kill him; so I went to part them, and Mat's dog tore Ratler sadly, and rolled us both in the mud together; that is all—only my hand aches sadly!—"

"Let this great truth by all be understood:
"That all the pious duties which we owe
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our God,
"The seeds of every virtue here below
"From education first, and early culture flow."

"THE hand appears strained," said Mr. Selby; "something should be applied to it." "Let him go to the housekeeper's room," cried Lady Ormsby—"a little troublesome creature! he has deranged me for the whole day; and take your ugly monster with you—only see how he has soiled the carpet?" Poor George did not wait for a second bidding, but departed accompanied by his faithful favourite, the dog, who evinced his gra-

titude by frisking and gamboling around him. Lady Ormsby soon after retired, taking with her the future supporter of the family honours; the Baronet and Mr. Selby fell into an easy strain of conversation, by which the latter discovered the true state of the family of which he was become an inmate; but being possessed of great pliability of spirits he endeavoured to accommodate himself to the disposition of the parties with whom he was engaged. He had, however, frequent opportunities of observing that it was no easy matter to live on tolerable terms with a family so divided as that of the Baronet's. Little James always repeated his lessons in the presence of his mamma, for fear he should be constrained to study more than was agreeable to his own inclination; this increased his habitual indolence, and

at last the most trifling tasks became wearisome and disgusting. Mr. Selby sighed with regret when he contemplated the future misery which mistaken tenderness was treasuring up for this unfortunate favorite; he beheld a mind, which a little emulation, might have rendered vigorous, sinking without a struggle into the lap of indolence.

During the winter season, great part of Mr. Selby's time was claimed by the Baronet; but the approach of spring, to his great joy, released him from that dreary turmoil of mental slavery. Mr. Selby was an early riser, and frequently urged upon his pupils the necessity of improving their minds by morning studies; "I do not wish you." he would say "to pore over hidden problems, or weighty definitions." "What then are we to study?"

asked the inquisitive mind of George. "*Nature,*" replied Mr. Selby, "in her ever varing—ever pleasing forms, let us inhale the clear breath of morning, while the sun tinges the eastern horizon with the lustre of its beams; and let us then with reverence contemplate the perfections of that great and wonderful Being, whose ineffable goodness diffuses life and light throughout the great mass of creation!" James thought such pursuits not at all necessary to form the character of a gentleman; for, to the best of his recollection, and his memory was very good, amidst all the lessons which he had received from his mamma, on the subject of good breeding, the word *Nature* had never once occurred. Nor can we in justice say, that George fully understood the meaning of his tutor's expression; but

from the manner in which Mr. Selby delivered himself, he concluded that there was some hidden charm which made it worth pursuing. He therefore declared himself willing to devote his time to what Mr. Selby should think most conducive to his advantage; who gladly availed himself of so desirable a disposition, and forwarded his improvements by every possible attention.

The lads occupied an apartment that joined to that of their tutor's. George would gladly arise at the first summons, and devote his mornings to improvement; while James, prodigal of time, would continue in bed till the bell summoned him to the breakfast parlour; after which repast he would reluctantly drag through his exercises, then loll on a sopha, till the entrance of his dancing-master roused

him into action. If he rode out, and there appeared the least probability of a shower, the carriage always followed, that he might not be exposed to the inclemency of the weather; while George, regardless of such trifles, would mount a little poney, which had been presented to him by his father, and ride for miles, with no other attendant than his faithful Ratler. Thus he cheerfully spent his time between exercise and study, improving his health and invigorating his understanding; while James was foolishly suffered to trifle away the precious moments of youth in frivolous pursuits, or pernicious indulgences. His pertness was termed wit, and his insolence extolled as spirit; he was introduced early into company, who to please his fond mother, publicly flattered his vanity, while they

privately ridiculed the folly that gave it birth. It was however, universally allowed that he pointed a repartee with great dexterity, presented a fan with grace, and displayed a white hand to advantage, while he he affected to be using a Goto toothpick; he acquired in the mean time, a superficial politeness, a kind of sickly good nature, which, though it restrained him in most cases from offering violence to the inclinations or opinions of others, seldom led him far enough to sacrifice either his own caprices or desires to the wishes of his friends. Between the brothers there did not exist that harmony which might have been expected between such near relatives; James assumed an authority over his brother, to which the generous, but impetuous disposition of George

could but ill submit. Altercations would follow, and the hasty decisions of Lady Ormsby frequently widened the breach that a little maternal softness might easily have closed.

As they approached the verge of manhood, their dispositions began more fully to unfold themselves. James could deliberately insult an inferior, break down the mounds of good breeding, or rudely penetrate into the sober haunts of rural industry. Indulgence smiled upon his follies, while mistaken kindness nursed them into vices; in short, he grew up, haughty, avaricious, and revengeful. In his person he was pleasing, in his address insinuating, and his conversation was mostly light, trifling and amusing. Nature had given George a heart feelingly

alive to the distresses of his fellow creatures; it had not been perverted by indulgence, nor injured by flattery; ardent in the cause of oppressed humanity, and careless of money, only as it enabled him to lessen the afflictions of others. He was in person something below the middle size, but admirably proportioned, and his animated and healthy countenance was the index to an honest heart; he had made a rapid progress in his education, and continued indefatigable in his studies long after his brother had ceased to receive the instructions of Mr. Selby. At length that gentleman, by the demise of a distant relation, succeeded to a small estate, to which he retired in order to take possession. George, and the Baronet, though they rejoiced at his good fortune,

were yet grieved at the loss of his society; to George, however, his absence was in some measure, supplied by a regular correspondence, the repetition of which gladdened the heart of his father. In the mean time, Lady Ormsby was busied in forming plans for the future establishment of her eldest son; a wealthy marriage was the first point determined on; but then, for the honour of the family, it must be noble as well as wealthy; there would be no difficulty in accomplishing all this, provided she could but gain the promise of the dormant peerage, in which were centered all her hopes of future happiness. To attain this long desired good, presents were made, and petitions presented; at length after two years attendance, during which time Sir James's fortune had suffered severe dila-

pidations, the long-expected patent was presented; and Lady Ormsby had the supreme felicity of congratulating her son on his succeeding to the honours of her family.

Much about this time, Lady Rodolpho M'Donald shone a bright luminary in the fashionable world, her fortune was great, her family ancient, and her person extremely lively. Amidst a numerous train of admirers, she frankly confessed that the Earl of Dewberry stood unrivalled in her heart; as she was an orphan, and under age, her prudent guardian warmly remonstrated with her, on the impropriety of bestowing her immense possesions on a needy man of quality, who had no other recommendation to her favour than what proceeded from a handsome person, and an insinuating address.

Lady Rodolpho laughed at his advice, defied his authority, and finally flew (as she termed it) with her beloved Dewberry, "on the wings of love to the land of Hymen."

ON the return of the youthful pair from their northern expedition, Lady Ormsby received them with great affection, at an elegant apartment which she had prepared for their reception, and there they continued till every necessary preparation was made for their *entré* on the theatre of fashion. Their establishment accorded to their rank in society; of course their equipages were superb, their habitations magnificent, and their entertainments elegant. The Countess of Dewberry was the criterion of taste, the idol of fashion, and her assemblies the resort of youth, age, folly and dissipation. In the mean time, her

thoughtless Lord was running his career of extravagant prodigality; none lost freer, or betted with less caution, than the Earl of Dewberry. In short, his profligacy became proverbial, and in less than three years after his marriage he had the mortification to discover that their fortune, immense as it had been, was unequal to the frequent demands which fashion had made upon it. Yet habitually indolent and inconsiderate, he had neither fortitude nor foresight to extricate himself from the embarrassments into which his own folly had plunged him.

Regardless of the future peace of the woman, to whose generosity he was so highly indebted, he unfeelingly squandered her inheritance, and trifled with her repose. She, young, beautiful, inconsiderate, no guide but inclination; no sti-

mulus but pleasure, was borne without resistance down the stream of dissipation, and like many of her unthinking contemporaries, dreamt not of danger till she found, too late, that her peace was wrecked, and her honour lost. Neglected by her husband, in whom she had with improvident generosity invested the whole of her fortune, his coolness wounded her pride, his ingratitude rankled at her heart; another object appeared, sedulous to please, tender to console, and attentive to betray. Ah! my fair countrywomen, spurn not indignantly at this thoughtless victim of ingratitude and duplicity, nor wonder that she wanted firmness of mind to withstand the fatal effects of pernicious examples, or to break the adamantine chains which bound her to her betrayer. Dandled from infancy to maturity on the

lap of luxury, she had never been taught one lesson of self-denial, nor knew the necessity of submitting without repining to unavoidable misfortunes. Her heart was enervated by pleasure, her principles weakened by the seductive voice of flattery, thus she fell an easy prey to the unjustifiable artifices of a designing man. We plead not for her frailties, we pretend not to extenuate her errors, we only ask from her own sex at least, that the sigh of compassion may supersede the sneer of contempt; the tears of commiseration flow without injuring the cheek of beauty; while the laugh of derision, or the taunt of malevolence, distort the finest features, and betray a littleness of mind that mere negative virtues can scarcely render respectable.

When Lord Dewberry first discovered

that his fortune and celebrity were passed their meridian, he had the mortification to be fully convinced of what he before only suspected, his lady's *infidelity*. He could not but allow that he had neglected her peace, and frequently left her exposed to the libertine addresses of his profligate companions, while he had, perhaps, been engaged in the same unwarrantable pursuits; yet dishonour could not be tamely submitted to, fashion demanded that he should, if possible, wash away his disgrace in the blood of his rival. A challenge was the consequence, they met—Major Mordaunt fell, while Lord Dewberry, in disguise, fled from his native country. Ah! in that sad hour of terror and dismay, what became of the frail fair one who had occasioned such calamities?—with a heart bursting with

anguish, she fled to solitude and reflection, a bare pittance for the means of life was assigned her by her indignant lord.—No kind consoling friend wept for her sorrows, the voice of pity never soothed her ears, nor infused its lenitive balsam into the bosom that was bursting with retrospection and remorse. Possessed of no mental resources to soften the hour of affliction, shut out from the world, and abandoned, with a feeling heart, to all the bitterness of self-reproach; no pen can do justice to the severity of her sufferings—they at last brought on a complaint, that baffled for many months the aid of medicine.

Lady Ormsby saw, with unavailing regret, the fair fabric which she had reared with such unceasing solicitude, fallen in a moment into ruins; her

darling son an exile, and his lovely wife a penitentiary recluse. Had she possessed either candour or sensibility, it would have been no difficult matter for her to have confessed that her own mistaken tenderness had been the source of all Lord Dewberry's irremediable misfortunes. But she would not allow that the conduct of her son was, by any means, more reprehensible than fashion warranted, while she loudly exaggerated the misconduct of his unfortunate lady. since the marriage of Lord Dewberry, Lady Ormsby had spent most of her time in the circles of fashion, supported by the fortune of the very woman whom she now affected to despise. Regret at being forced back on the dull routine of a country life, soured a disposition never happily attuned to domestic enjoyment.

she had not long been a resident at the manor, before a pacquet arrived from her son, requesting that she would follow him to Padua, where he had taken up his residence.

To *her* his wishes were *laws*, she therefore immediately set out for the continent, and arrived at Padua only just time to perform the last sad offices to her lamented son, who, regardless of the change of climate, had, in order to drown reflection, paid rich libations to the rosy god. His constitution, naturally delicate, had been weakened by intemperance; he sunk into a rapid decay, the progress of which no art could retard. As the title was only granted to his immediate descendants, it again, to the great mortification of Lady Ormsby, became extinct. Lord Dewberry left a trifling

memorandum in the hands of Lady Ormsby, in which he requested his brother would assist Lady Dewberry in the arrangement of her affairs, and, if possible, reserve a trifling stipend for her future support. All that remained of the fortune was, by his express desire, restored to lady Dewberry, who, much to her credit, devoted the greatest part of it to the payment of their debts, and continued to live in the same solitude. Lady Ormsby returned to England with the remains of her son, which were deposited with due splendour in the mausoleum of his ancestors.

Thus fell, in his *twenty-seventh* year, the gay, thoughtless, luxurious Earl of Dewberry! a sad victim to parental ambition, and mistaken tenderness.—Wealth was to him no blessing, for it

only led to his destruction; he ungratefully neglected the woman who had raised him to affluence, while he squandered her fortune on needy sycophants, pretended friends, and abandoned mistresses. No widow prayed for his repose, no orphan raised the eye of gratitude to heaven to invoke blessings on his head. He lived unbeloved, and died (except by his mistaken mother) unlamented,

Exactly at the time that Lord Dewberry's remains arrived in England, a pacquet lay waiting at Falmouth for a fair wind, which would have conveyed to them the pleasing intelligence that Major Mordaunt, whose wounds had been declared mortal, was now happily pronounced out of danger—as soon as Ormsby heard of his mother's arrival in

England, he had hastened to meet her—and endeavoured, during their melancholy journey, by sympathy and reason, to soften in some degree the violence of her sorrows, he represented to her with all the energy of truth, that the fortunate recovery of Major Mordaunt had cleansed his brother's memory from the imputation of murder—and preserved his unfortunate, though imprudent widow from endless remorse—Lady Ormsby heard the well meant and humane arguments of her son with perfect indifference—her frigid heart knew not then, a single object, for which it could melt with pity, or glow with transport—every social sentiment seemed enshrouded with her darling son—if her heart had not been eased in apathy, every nerve would have vibrated, with pleasure, at

the thoughts of so much misery, being spared the lovely, repentant, self-accused Rodolpho, to whom as soon as possible, George wrote an account of his brother's decease, and apprised her, that he should, if agreeable, wait on her on business as early as she pleased to appoint—almost sinking into the grave by powerful and painful emotions, Lady Dewberry with great difficulty penned a few hasty and almost unintelligible lines, signifying that she would be glad to see him as early as possible. Ormsby in consequence, set out for her retreat, the following week —his first interview with Lady Dewberry was painful in the extreme to both—a few meetings, however, familiarized them to each other, and if he was affected to sympathy by the wan countenance and sorrowful manner, of the late light and

trifling Rodolpho—she was no less affected at his manly sorrow, and polite delicacy of behaviour—her residence was then at a private house, situated in a sporting country—the situation rude and uncultivated, it was the spot chosen by her Lord for her exile—and she made no opposition to his will—a residence of nearly twelve months had reconciled her to it—she had even expressed a wish, in a letter, she had written to him of being allowed to continue there for the residue of her days—it was then by his express orders to be sold, and she prepared to quit it without repining.—After requesting George to act for her as he would, was she his own sister, which he solemnly promised to do—she then delivered to him her jewels, and every thing of value, which appertained to her, That

they might be disposed of to the best advantage for the benefit of the creditors—he received then with an aching heart, secretly lamenting that so much generosity of soul should have been so cruelly sported with. Lady Dewberry retired to a farm-house, attended by only one domestic—while Ormsby set forward for the capital, to execute the commission he had undertaken, the creditors were immediately summoned, their accounts examined, and proper steps taken for ascertaining the legality of their demands—the sums owing were immense, it was impossible to temporize—and of course every thing personal was instantly sold—there remained for Lady Rodolpho, who had wisely dropped the title of Dewberry, only a small estate of about two hundred a year, which it was

not in her own power to dispose off—after the clamour of creditors, and the avarice of usurers were silenced—Ormsby returned to acquaint Lady Rodolpho with the whole of the transactions, likewise to restore to her part of her jewels, which he had preserved from the general wreck—and several other trifles, which he thought would add to her convenience and comfort, he had sent forward for her residence. They had arrived before him—and among them was a good collection of useful books: such striking proofs of friendship and kindness, from a person whom she had before the death of the Earl thought so little off—one whom his brother had always spoken of with ridicule, and his mother with indifference, raised in the bosom of Lady Rodolpho sentiments of surprise and admiration—some

thing under an hundred pounds was all that remained, except the estate, we have before spoken of—to Lady Rodolpho of her vast possessions—what a falling of was there from greatness, and what a striking example did she stand, of prodigal folly and thoughtless extravagance. After continuing a few days with her, which, he was compelled to do by indisposition, Ormsby prepared to return to the manor..during his stay a plan was laid for her future convenience, it was this—Ormsby undertook to pay her regularly her income once a year, which he was by her appointment, to receive from the person who collected her rents, by this method, her residence, she hoped, might remain a profound secret. When Ormsby was about to bid her farewell; Lady Rodolpho's voice became tremulous, her

bosom heaved with sighs, and her whole frame betrayed evident marks of distress and agitation—Ormsby endeavoured to reason her into composure, he feared she was already weary of solitude, and disgusted with reflection, but in this opinion he was happily mistaken, her agitation proceeded from a very different source, she was reflecting of the folly of improper pursuits, and the frail texture of fashionable friendship, since the whole circle of her former associates, did not afford one heart on which she could rely for consolation in the trying hour of affliction—contrasting these thoughts with the conduct of Ormsby, he seemed like a being sent from heaven, to rescue he from sinking into misanthropy, to lessen her sufferings, and to teach her that mankind are not always either vicious or in-

terested—" You are going then, my valued friend," said she, " and you carry with you the eternal gratitude of an unhappy woman, one that stands alone in a peopled world, without friends to pity her, or brothers to protect her : my family have renounced me, the ungrateful world, whose baneful breath nursed levity into crimes, now scorns its victim—you from whom, I did not merit consideration, generously rescued me from troubles, that must have overwhelmed me with confusion and perplexity, your kindness, during the few days you have passed here, has soothed the agonies of retrospection, and not unfrequently subsided the bitter workings of remorse." " Be comforted, Lady Rodolpho," cried Ormsby, greatly affected at her address to him—" time will imperceptibly lessen

the severity of your sufferings—the heart that is deeply wounded, must by patient resignation court tranquility—your sorrows has convinced me that you love virtue—cherish her precepts, my unfortunate friend, they will restore your peace—fare well."—"Farewell," repeated Lady Rodolpho, bursting into tears—Ormsby hastily quitted the house, mounted his horse, and set forward for the manor—where he was received with all that warmth of affection by the Baronet, that his presence ever failed to inspire. Lady Ormsby as usual was cold, petulent and unbending.

Sir James, who had taken very little share in the above transactions, sighed over the fallen fortunes, and premature death of his enobled son. While George ever attentive to the claims of humanity,

endeavoured by every means in his power to relieve the distress of his sorrowing mother, who, without a struggle, resigned herself a victim to unavailing grief, which in a short time reduced her to a state of mental derangement, from which she soon descended into her cold narrow house—a melancholy proof of the vanity of ambitious pursuits, and worldly pleasures. George Ormsby continued to watch with unceasing tenderness and attention over the declining age of his father, who was now become too infirm to partake of his former exercises. And here we must, for the present, leave him in the practice of those courtesies which adorn humanity, and add dignity to virtue. To him every day was a day of benevolence. Rectitude governed his actions, honour presided over his heart, whilst the rays

of his unblemished reputation warmed the chill bosom of declining age.

In the course of the ensuing year several letters passed between Ormsby and Lady Rodolpho, and at the expiration of that time, he made a journey as he had promised her he would—to resign the money he had taken charge off—on his arrival he found her as he would wish to see a friend he valued, composed without affectation, and cheerful without levity—her health was restored, and with it all the graces of youth again sported round her elegant form—her solitude was enlivened by a lady of elegant manners past the bloom of youth—though by no means destitute of attractions—indeed to use the poet's words, she seemed

" Just in the vigour of those golden days
" When the mind ripens e're the form decays

Miss Mordaunt entered into conversation with Orsmby on various subjects, with the ease natural to a woman of strong intellect, accustomed to speak freely in the best company—Ormsby was quite delighted with her, and she appeared no less so with him—her manners were frank—and her nature open—and from her he became master of a secret, that Lady Rodolpho might have found some difficulty in disclosing, it was simply this, that her brother was soliciting the hand of her friend—George started, "is it possible," he cried, "that Lady Rodolpho, who was unfortunate in a first marriage, should already meditate on a second?"—"It is not only possible—but it is true," replied Miss Mordaunt—"and I have been the principal promoter of it —solely because I think I shall restore

serenity to the bosom of a woman who certainly merited a fate very different to the one the whimsicality of fortune assigned to her—I love her—and I am certain that I cannot do her a greater kindness, than by persuading her to give her hand to my brother—Mordaunt has led an irregular life—but his heart is not dead, either to the feelings of honour, or the love of virtue."—Lady Rodolpho had been absent during this conversation—she entered just as Miss Mordaunt concluded her last sentence, followed by the Major —as soon as the common forms of politeness were over, the conversation became general, spirited, intelligent, and amusing, in which the parties became insensibly entirely at ease—After dinner, the ladies retired, and Major Mordaunt introduced his intended marriage. "I

sincerely wish it may be productive of all the happiness you expect," replied Ormsby—"but pardon my freedom, Major—I fear the world will not easily forget that the seducer of Lady Rodolpho, raised his hand in cool deliberation against the life of her husband."—"I in part, allow the propriety of your observations, sir," cried Mordaunt—"I confess, that some thought very lightly of matrimonial infidelity—and that availing myself of Lord Dewberry's neglect of, I supplanted him in the affectious of his wife—but I deny meeting his challenge on any other terms than those of necessity—Lord Dewberry slighted every overture of accommodation"—"he could not compound dishonour," cried Ormsby, with warmth—"but he might at least have parted privately from his wife," said the Major, "he

could not divorce her, for he had no proofs of her guilt—Lady Rodolpho has been extremely indiscreet—careless of appearances, and inattentive to decorum —certainly, our conduct had every appearance of criminality—and the malevolence of the world stamped probability with certainty—Lord Dewberry drove her hastily from his house—and by so doing, fixed eternal infamy upon her name—it is all past, and now I despise from the bottom of my soul that species of gallantry, that leads the fashionable world to destroy the repose of individuals—and undermine, for the meanest of all gratifications, the bulwarks of society.—After the decease of the Earl, I tried every method that my invention could devise to discover the retreat of Rodolpho, but without effect—chance

at last befriended me, I was ordered into the country for the recovery of my health—the house of a friend in this *vicinage* was offered me—the beautiful recluse as Rodolpho was called—was frequently spoken of, no one knew her—this excited my curiosity—I went to the post-office to enquire her name, they had never heard it—has she no letters then,—None, was the reply—in short, my sister undertook to disclose the mystery—and after torturing me to death, for more than a week—at last conducted me hither. "I am still at the house of my friend, and shall continue there, till I conduct Rodolpho to my own." The Major paused,—but Ormsby did not reply—"you do not approve of our intended union, I perceive," said Mordaunt—"but when you have reflected on it, I think you will say I am acting right—think but for a moment on

the length of days, my poor girl would have to pass in cheerless solitude, pondering over irremediable ills—think to that cold celibacy never yet gave happiness to a feeling heart—we have both acted wrong, and we have both, I trust, been purified from error, by the salutary admonitions of sickness and reflection; we have also experienced the vapidity of fashionable pursuits, and found that little regard should be paid to them, when they interfere either with domestic comfort, or the strict attention of moral rectitude."—A summons to the tea-table put an end to the discourse—the next day Ormsby quitted them, and returned to the manor, and in a few weeks afterwards he received letters, which announced their marriage.—Some months after that, he heard that they were gone

to settle in Northamptonshire, that the health of Mordaunt was very far from recovered, on which account he had disposed of his commission, and cultivated with great success, part of his own estate—in short, little remains to be said, but that the Mordaunts experienced in retirement, practising those social virtues that refine and exalt our nature—more happiness than commonly falls to the lot of humanity. Lady Rodolpho became a mother; this cemented still closer the ties which bound them to each other, she nursed the infant herself, and watched all its wants with unwearied attention. Mordaunt corresponded regularly with Ormsby, whom he highly honoured for the disinterested kindness, that he had shown towards his wife in the season of tribulation.—"You see in us," he said, in concluding one of

his letters, " a proof that reason can subdue the errors of education—and to silence the cruel and arbitrary assertions of those, who inhumanly decree a woman's indiscretion irretrievable—proclaim with all the energy of truth, the conduct of Rodolpho."

"It is not because novels treat of love that they are ridiculous, but because they treat of nothing: we must not ridicule a passion, which those who have never felt can never describe, and which those who laugh at never deserve to feel."

ANECDOTES OF JOHNSON.

SOME time after the demise of Lady Ormsby, Mr. Selby (whom our readers may recollect) had occasion to visit the metropolis. Ormsby manor was but a few miles out of his route, and he determined to avail himself of an oppurtunity that did not frequently offer of visiting his friends at that place. It was late in the evening of a beautiful summer day,

when his chaise unexpectedly entered the Baronet's yard. George saw him from a window, and eagerly advanced to meet him; the smile of welcome played over his manly countenance, as he received the cordial salutation of the friend he loved. Surprise, however, suspended for a moment, his powers of expression, when he saw Mr. Selby turn again to the chaise, saying at the same time, "I am not alone," and immediately a delicate elegant-looking young woman appeared, that he had never before either seen or even heard mentioned. An idea instantly occurred that she was the wife of his friend; the tender and familiar manner in which he addressed her strengthened his opinion; and before the arrival at the mansion, which was but a few paces, the

suspicions in his mind amounted to a certainty. *There*, however, he was undeceived, for the fair stranger was introduced to them as the sister of Mr. Selby. He learnt too, that she had resided with him for some time, and in consequence of declining health, he was now travelling with her to London, in search of better medical assistance than he could procure for her in the country.

Catharine Selby was not critically handsome, her complexion was languid, her features wanted regularity, yet so interesting was her *tout ensemble*, that no person of taste or sensibility could behold her without confessing that she possessed, in an eminent degree, those powers of attraction that mere beauty itself can never attain. The evening passed ra-

pidly ; former scenes were repeated, and to use a metaphor from Ossin,

"They renewed the days that were passed."

The next morning Mr. Selby proposed to continue his journey by easy stages, but this the Baronet positively opposed. George added entreaties, and applying to Catharine, asked if she did not think a few days repose necessary to recruit her strength, before she proceeded towards London? Catharine smiled at the earnestness of his address, and after thanking him for his polite attention, she replied that she was not so ill as to render travelling inconvenient. "Then you cannot be in immediate want of medical assistance," cried Sir James, "and so say no more about it, for stay *you shall.*" The latter part of his speech

was addressed to Mr. Selby, who conceived that his hospitable host was too much in earnest to be refused without offence. For several days their departure was on various pretences, postponed, at length they departed for the capital, though not before Sir James had made Mr. Selby promise that he would, on his return to Clayfield, again pass a few days at the manor.

After their departure George felt a lassitude and uneasiness that had never before assailed him. The idea of Catharine Selby was for ever present to his imagination; her placid smile, her agreeable conversation, happily free from pedantic knowledge or trifling insipidity, recurred in the midst of every occupation, and rendered irksome those amusements which before had given wings to

time—And if he for a moment lost sight of her attractions, the Baronet was sure to remind him of them, either by enumerating her perfections, or regretting the obscurity of her birth. On such occasions hope fled from the bosom of George Ormsby, and he reflected with sorrow that the prejudices of his father condemned him to despair. Yet, though he thought them erroneous, he strove not to combat them; for weighing the deep root which early opinions take in the human heart, he wisely supposed the prejudice of threescore years could not be easily eradicated; he, therefore, was contented to suffer, but he suffered in silence.

In the mean time, perhaps, it may be agreeable to our readers to know some thing of a woman who had so entirely

subdued the before invulnerable heart of George. We shall therefore, state, that Catharine was the youngest of a large family that had been, through the death of their parents, thrown at random on the world's wide stage! A female relation had taken her into her family, and educated her liberally; but being of a capricious and uneasy disposition herself, she made the poor orphan feel most severely the iron hand of authority. Catharine however bore, without repining, the petulence and ill-humour which was frequently poured upon her without provocation. Her state of dependance, and uncertain prospects, were frequent subjects of animadversion, intended, as her protectress asserted, to repress pride and teach her humility. Thus poor Catharine being obliged to contemplate the sombre co-

lour of her fate, early acquired a melancholy cast of character. The vivacity attendant on youth, which when tempered with modesty and sweetness, is one of its greatest ornaments, was entirely subdued; her spirits were broken by unmerited asperities, and her health, sinking beneath the present ills and future uncertainties: at length after repeated indignities, she besought permission to seek for bread in some other situation. To this request her tormentor at length agreed, though not till she had again repeated all her former kindnesses to her, and magnified her humble wishes of providing for herself into the basest ingratitude for favours conferred. In the mean time Catharine, through the means of a lady who visited her relations, was recommended into the family of a widow

lady, who was, through illness, incapacitated from attending to her own domestic concerns, where she acquitted herself with a sweetness and propriety that charmed all who had the happiness of knowing her. Mrs. Melville became sincerely attached to her, and endeavoured, by numberless little delicate attentions, to eradicate from her mind the painful ideas of servitude and dependance.

Under her protection the poor orphan first tasted serenity: her spirits recovered an even tenor, and her mind rapidly expanded. Four years of sweet domestic tranquility flew, unperceived, away. At the end of that period her loved, her honoured friend, departed from this transitory state of being. Her fortune was not at her own disposal, or Catharine

would have been amply provided for; her charities had been so extensive as to leave her no means of amassing treasure; and indeed till she became acquainted with Catharine, she had neither motive or desire to save. A few trifling alterations were then made in her family, which enabled her, without lessening her benevolence, to lay by a little for her deserving favourite, with which she purchased her a small annuity a little before her decease. This with her clothes, was all she could bequeath her. Exactly at that melancholy period Mr. Selby succeeded to the fortune we have before spoken of; and Catharine, for whom he had the tenderest affection, was desired to take up her abode with him. To a proposal so agreeable she readily and gratefully acceded, and Mr. Selby be-

came every day more convinced of her worth, and devoted to her virtues. There was in their character the most perfect coincidence; regularity, philanthrophy, and comfort, were diffused by the amiable Catharine around the dwelling of her brother, and, if happiness could have been persuaded to quit the spheres for an earthly habitation, she certainly would have fixed on the cottage at Clayfield.

Beauties in vain their sparkling eyes may roll,
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

POPE.

SCARCELY had Mr. Selby tasted with his amiable sister, the calm pleasure of social life and domestic tranquility, before his serenity was interrupted by her sudden indisposition. A medical assistant was instantly summoned, who pronounced that her disorder had every appearance of terminating in a malignant fever. It then occured to Mr. Selby, that his sister had frequently been to relieve a poor family of distressed cottagers, that had been struggling with the same malady. That she had imbibed the

infection was sufficiently obvious, though this circumstance they carefully concealed from the suffering patient.

Long and severe was her indisposition, but at length youth, aided by the power of medicine, and the unremitting attention of Mr. Selby, and his domestics baffled the pernicious effects of the disease, and Catharine appeared for some time restored to convalescence. But still a melancholy languor (owing to the severity of her late disorder) pervaded her frame and depressed her spirits. A consumption, it was feared, would be the fatal effects of the great shock her constitution had sustained. To avert, if possible, an evil so alarming which threatened to destroy, at one stroke, all the promised repose of his future days, Mr. Selby, as we have before seen, set out for London

in search of that assistance apparently so necessary for the recovery of his sister's health.

On their way to the metropolis, after their departure from the Baronet's, Mr. Selby asked Catharine her opinion of his young friend. The natural frankness of her heart admitted no disguise, and she ingenuously acknowledged that she thought Mr. Ormsby a very amiable and a very handsome man. "Few women," said Mr. Selby, smiling, "think it worth while to examine a man's mental qualifications, unless his exterior graces first rivet their attention." "It may be so, my sage brother," replied Catharine, smiling in her turn, "but I think you must allow that the same observation may be extended to both sexes with equal propriety." "It cannot be

generally applied," said Mr. Selby, "men are not so easily attracted by mere beauty, as you may suppose them to be." "Indeed," replied Catharine, "how then will you account for women of understanding being frequently overlooked or disregarded in circles, where a pretty trifler shall be caressed, flattered, and surrounded?" "The reason is very obvious, my dear Catharine," answered Mr. Selby, "every one expects to find a pretty woman a mere trifler, and it is very seldom that they are disappointed; besides, the young men of the present day go into company to be amused, not instructed, to talk themselves, not to listen to others.—On the other hand, your women of understanding are generally insufferably overbearing; they lay down rules which they expect others to abide

by; they teach virtues which they do not practise, and descant on subjects they have never studied."

"With due deference to your judgment," said Catharine, "you must permit me to say, that no person could discover a woman of understanding by the description you have here given of her; they might find a pretender to wit, learning, and science, but not a woman of understanding." "Well! well," said Mr. Selby, "it may be so—let us return to my friend Ormsby."

Catharine bowed, and her brother informed her that the Baronet had confided to him a design he had upon the liberty of his son, and entreats me, on our return, he added, "to promote his views, by persuading my late pupil to comply with his wishes: "Does Mr. Ormsby,

then, object to the lady his father proposes to him?" said Catharine. "He at present knows nothing of the matter," said Mr. Selby, "nor does the lady. Though the wishes of the parents, on both sides, are centered in the union, yet so unaccountably indifferent is Ormsby to the charms of Selima Pedigree; so inattentive in her company, so lost in his behaviour to her, that Sir James fears making those proposals to his son which he is bound in honour to the lady's father to bring forward, having given his promise to Lord Hubert Pedigree, that George should not, by his consent, marry any other woman." "Did you ever see the lady?" said Catharine.—"No, since she was a child; but if I may credit Sir James's judgment, she is very handsome, and to that power of her beauty he

trusts for the fulfilment of his wishes. She is, besides, rich, young, and well born, a point of great importance with the baronet; and with all these advantages Sir James fears Mr. Ormsby will not like her."—Said Catharine, "What other qualifications can he reasonably expect in a wife?" "He may," said Mr. Selby, drily, "be looking for a woman of understanding." "And is Miss Pedigree supposed to be otherwise?" said Catharine. "I never heard good sense enumerated as one of her qualifications, as you call them," replied her brother. "Well then," said Catharine, laughing, "you must endeavour to persuade him that a pretty trifler will be a very agreeable companion."—"For an hour or for a day, but not for life, Catharine." "I thought you just now supported a con-

trary opinion!" "We were not then speaking of a union for life, sister, for assuredly if a man of sense is united to a weak, vain, and trifling woman, his life must be one continual scene of torment and anxiety; on the other hand, a learned wife will seldom condescend to study those domestic comforts, those indispensible duties on which so materially depends the peace, the happiness, the welfare of a family," "But between these two extremes is there no medium?" said Catharine. "Why yes," replied Mr. Selby, "I think there is, nor do I see any difficulty in supposing that a woman of sense may attain a sufficient knowledge, both of books and men, to render her conversation agreeable and her manners dolished, without losing sight of that engaging simplicity, that interesting mo-

desty of behaviour and deportment, that while it addresses the senses steals imperceptibly into the heart." "Indeed," replied Catharine, "you seem so true a delineator of the power of such a woman, that I am inclined to think you speak experimentally on the subject." "Indeed I do not," was the reply.

Catharine looked incredulous, which Mr. Selby observing, added, "inquietude, dependence, and uncertainty, in early youth, left me leisure to think of love. Marry, I could not, for I did not possess the means of providing for a rising family; and seduction I have ever looked upon as one of the worst of crimes! Never," said he, "could I have forgiven myself if I had at any time suffered my passions so far to mislead my principles, as to triumph, with savage barbarity over

the affections, wound the innocence, and destroy the repose of a confiding, unsuspicious, unprotected woman. Indeed, among those ladies with whom I have mixed, I needed but little caution to preserve my heart; few of them condescending to notice me, unless to ridicule my gravity and laugh at my expence." The carriage suddenly stopped, and the conversation ended.

One fortnight they continued in the metropolis, and at the expiration of that time again set forward for Ormsby manor, where they arrived late in the evening of the second day. As their chaise entered the old beech avenue which led to the house, the voice of Ormsby attracted their attention; Mr. Selby bade the postilion stop; George immediately advanced, gave his hand to

his friend, then, quick as lightning, flew to the other side of the chaise, and invited Catharine to walk with him to the house; fatigued with travelling, and weary of the motion of the carriage, she willingly accepted his proposal. Mr. Selby followed them, after giving directions to the postillion to proceed with the carriage.

The evening was beautifully serene, not a cloud intervened between earth and heaven to lessen the lustre of the azure concave, while the mild radiance of the lunar orb sportively threw her shadows over the surrounding scenery. The supper bell had not yet rung, and the trio of friends agreed to lengthen their walk by a circuitous path which led through the park to the pleasure grounds. During their walk our readers may easily

suppose that mutual enquiries formed the first part of the conversation; after which they learnt, that Lord Hubert Pedigree, his lady and daughter, were then in the house. "How long have they been with you?" said Mr. Selby. "Seven days," said George, "by their own reckoning, but by my calculation nearly as many months." "How so?" asked his friend. "They are so formal, so proud, so trifling, and so troublesome," said Ormsby, "that I am weary of the sight of them. The only amusement that you can derive from their society, is studying the whimsicality of their characters." "Are they originals?" asked Catharine. "I never met with any before so singular," was the reply, "but you must judge for yourself."

On their arrival at the house, Sir James received them with his wonted hospitality, then formally advancing towards Lady Hubert, he introduced Catharine as the sister of his son's tutor. The lady drew herself up, stared rudely in her face, and haughtily asked her if she had not seen her some time back at Mrs. Melville's. "I was honoured, madam," replied Catharine, "for some years, by the friendship and protection of that excellent woman; but I have not the least recollection of your ladyship's name or person." "How should you, child?" cried her haughty interrogator, "since whatever you may be now, you certainly was then only an upper servant." "To be the servant of Mrs. Melville, madam," said Catharine, with a firm voice and collected

dignity of manner, that charmed George and delighted her brother, " was neither painful nor degrading; for she possessed that rare generosity of soul, that knew how to make even dependance a blessing, and the hours which I have passed in her society, contemplating virtues that few like her practice, will be ever remembered with gratitude, and cherished with affection." Lady Hubert fanned herself violently. Catharine seated herself with great composure by the side of her brother, while Miss Pedigree eyed her with looks of supercilious contempt.

The entrance of supper soon after, gave some relief to the feelings of the company, at least it dispersed that sullen taciturnity which had taken possession of them. During their repast, Lady Hubert protested every thing on the table

was spoiled—nothing was cooked in taste Sir James, somewhat disconcerted, ventured to recommend one of his favourite dishes to the notice of Miss Pedigree, who, with an unmeaning giggle, told him, "such solid fare was well suited to the boors of Ormsby manor, (glancing her eyes on George) but not at all suited to the more delicate organs of a woman of fashion." To this curious speech no one made any reply, and Miss Pedigree continued to taste and reject every thing that was offered to her. As soon as the cloth was removed, the ladies retired; Catharine soon after did the same, and left the gentlemen to the enjoyment of the bottle.

Here it may not be amiss to remark, that the love of wine was a passion which Hubert indulged to an excess; for to it

he sacrificed his reason and his health, Sir James drank in compliment to his guest, and, after a little time, they began to talk freely of the treaty between their families. Lord Hubert declared the marriage should be solemnized within a month; Sir James declared that he was ready to fulfil all the engagements into which he had entered, and entreated George to press Miss Pedigree for an early day, who answered, that he had not the least inclination in the world to hurry the lady, or hurry himself into an engagement so indissoluble as that of an union for life. Sir James looked disappointed, and Lord Hubert was angry; but, however, he consoled himself with remarking, that Selima Pedigree, with thirty thousand pounds, was a match for the first family in the kingdom!

The lily screen'd from every ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring,
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing!

OGILVIE.

NOTHING could be more distant and disagreeable than the behaviour of Lady Hubert and Miss Pedigree to our amiable invalid. They constantly introduced fashionable subjects, with which Catharine was almost unacquainted; they spoke of persons she had never seen, and of places she had never visited; by these means they excluded her from any share in their conversations, which were, in general, a mixed jargon of scandal, an-

cestry, and dissipation. Sir James, observing that Catharine was no favourite with the ladies, insensibly adopted a more distant manner of behaviour, than he had before practised towards her. Catharine had too much penetration not to discover that she was an unwelcome visitor among persons who valued themselves for the antiquity of their family and the dignity of their alliance, which Lady Hubert frequently dwelt on, even in the presence of Ormsby. On such occasions the beautiful Selima would look with a smile of derision on the manly figure of her intended husband, and repeat, with no small share of complacency, some of the many pretty nothings which she had learnt by rote, that had been addressed to her during the last winter, by the soft-hearted sons of

fashion; and relate how vastly mortified her dear friend, the Countess of Nightshade was when she heard that Lord Hubert had preposterously accepted any offer for her less than a ducal coronet.

Such ridiculous vanity no ways raised them in the good opinion of Ormsby —he seldom noticed their intended sarcasms, indeed they were not keen enough to affect him, since nobody would have seen Miss Pedigree's elevation to the peerage with more pleasure than himself. Several days passed in nearly the same manner. Lady Hubert and Miss Pedigree spent much of their time in their own dressing rooms, or in excursions round the park in a fashionable carriage, which had followed them from their own residence. It was drawn by two beautiful ponies, which the fair Selima managed

with great dexterity. Lord Hubert, we have before observed, devoted his evenings to the bottle, and of course was not in a condition to appear till a late hour the following day.

Sir James was absent, embarrassed, and reserved, and it was plainly to be seen that something of an unpleasant nature occupied his thoughts. In this situation of things at the manor, Mr. Selby determined on returning to Clayfield, fearing that the presence of himself and sister was a restraint upon the parties. This, however was vehemently opposed both by the Baronet and his son. At length, at their repeated requests, he agreed to continue with them another week; during that period he passed much of his time with the Baronet, while George was left to contemplate all the

attractions of the interesting Catharine, whose virtues slowly unfolded themselves as she became better known to him. Her mind was highly cultivated and her sensibility extreme; but it was not of that irritable kind which leads many a fair daughter of Eve to deplore, in pathetic strains, the death of a monkey, or weep themselves into fits for the loss of a squirrel. No! Catharine Selby was humane to every thing into which her great Creator had infused the breath of life, but she was, in particular, the friend of the human race; to succour the afflicted, to comfort the distressed, to relieve the weak, and to redress the injured were to her never-failing sources of mental gratification!

The morning preceding the one fixed on for their departure, while Ormsby,

Mr. Selby, and Catharine, were chatting on indifferent subjects, the former was requested to attend Lord Hubert in his chamber—he obeyed. Mr. Selby retired to the library, and Catharine, as was her practice, when left to herself, wandered into the pleasure grounds, from thence she entered a wood which terminated in an aclivity, on whose summit stood a rustic temple, dedicated to the sylvan deities, from whence the eye roved without satiety or fatigue, over a rich, pastoral, and highly cultivated country. Catharine seated herself to enjoy a scene, of all others, most in unison with her feelings; the lowing herds, the fleecy flocks, the meandering streams, the busy mill, the whitened cottage, and the village spire, were to her more beautiful, infinitely

more interesting, than all the glitter of wealth or the pageantry of pride;

> To her more dear, congenial to her heart
> One native charm, than all the gloss of art.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

Suddenly a footstep aroused her attention, and while she was debating within herself whether to retire or continue, George Ormsby presented himself before her. Catharine made a motion to depart —he caught her hand—"If I am an intruder, Miss Selby, I will leave you!" "I thought," said Catharine, "by your coming to this sequestered spot, that you might wish to be alone." "I am not," he replied, "in a proper state of mind to enjoy your conversation, but that you will have the goodness to excuse." In saying this he took her hand to conduct her towards the seat she had left. Ca-

tharine raised her eyes to his face, and observed that his features betrayed evident marks of anxiety and inquietude. "You are unwell, I fear, Mr. Ormsby," said Catharine, with a softness in her voice and a tenderness in her manner, that seemed to say she was not an uninterested spectator of his distress. "Allowing that it is so," said he, smiling, "will you undertake to be my physician?" I have not yet taken up my diploma," was the reply. "Mine," said he, "is only a mental malady; friendship will do more than medicine." "Then I recommend you to my brother." "He laughs at my complaint." "He thinks it is not a serious one," said Catharine. "It is one he cannot cure," replied he, fetching a deep sigh. Then rising abruptly from his seat, he leant his head against the wall,

and seemed lost in thought. His agitation became very visible, and Catharine fancied her presence was a restraint upon his feelings, yet to leave him was impossible in a state of mind that seemed bordering on insanity. About the heart of Catharine there was not one atom, either of prudery or affectation; much of the milk of human kindness flowed around it, which caused her to commiserate most sincerely the sorrows of Ormsby. She advanced towards him—his eye was fixed on vacancy—he did not observe her. She spoke—"Mr. Ormsby, we had better return to the house." "By all means, by all means, madam," in a hurrying accent. "Madam!" said Catharine, repeating the word, "do you forget that I am the sister of your friend?" "You are an angel," said he, recovering him-

self. "Oh! Miss Selby, why is Selima Pedigree so unlike you? But excuse me, I have been this morning much disturbed —I came here to recollect myself—I shall be better presently." "I will," said Catharine, "walk slowly through the wood, perhaps you will overtake me." In saying this, she advanced towards the door. "Do not leave me, Catharine," cried he, in a wild but impressive tone of voice. "By heaven there is nothing on earth more soothing to me than your friendship, more dear than your society; those hours of rational felicity which I have passed with you, recur in the midst of every occupation, and seem the only part of my existence worth remembering. Do not then cruelly abandon me in the midst of trouble, nor wonder to find me a niggard of those pleasures I am so soon

to relinquish, perhaps for ever!" Catharine felt herself extremely embarrassed at the earnestness of his address. She entreated him to allow her to go forward, and offered to wait for him at a seat. "But why will you leave me?" asked Ormsby. "Because," said she "you have hurried my spirits, and I feel a sickness stealing over me, that walking will relieve." "Go then, dear amiable Catharine," said he "I will endeavour to conquer this strange perturbation of spirits, and follow you." "Do," said Catharine, "I shall wait for you under the lime trees." He conducted her down the declivity and returned to the temple. Catharine proceeded slowly through the wood, wondering what could have thrown Ormsby into a state of mind so very different from any thing she had before wit-

nessed. The marriage with Miss Pedigree immediately occurred to her, that it did not meet his approbation she was already acquainted with. Yet as in compliance with the wishes of Sir James, he had suffered the preparations to proceed so far, she could not imagine what could so suddenly have occasioned him so much anxiety, since she had heard that though he positively declined hurrying the ceremony, he had said he certainly would fulfil the engagements his father had entered into for him. She therefore hoped it was only some little hurricane that would soon be dispersed, and that Miss Pedigree might, when she became his wife, find it her interest as well as her duty to promote his happiness. Yet while she hoped that he would find more felicity than he expected in his approach-

ing union—she, such is the mutability of the human mind, almost envied the fair Selima the power of contributing to it. What a state of supreme satisfaction must it be, thought Catharine, to spend one's days in domestic tranquility and mental improvement; to watch the gradual progress of a strong and cultivated understanding, to catch from his example the pure flame of filial piety, and watch with tender solicitude the wants of declining age; to scatter the blessings of benevolence over the habitation of distress; to raise the drooping head of pining worth, and bestow the rewards of industry on the children of labour! From these charming images the transition was easily made to maternal pleasure—the cherubic smile amply repaying the tender caresses of maternal love—the grateful look beam-

ing from the mind-illumined eye of Ormsby, on his happy wife and infant representative!—But here the reverie of Catharine was suddenly interrupted by reflecting that Selima Pedigree looked down with sovereign contempt on domestic pleasure—that, insatiable in her pursuit of fashionable amusements, she would, probably, despise the voice of authority, and break, without remorse, the silken fetters of affection.

Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire,
High soar'd to steal from heaven a seraph's lyre,
And told the golden ties of wedded love,
In sacred Eden's aramanthine grove!

WHARTON.

ORMSBY soon after appeared; he seated himself, without speaking, by the side of Catharine, apparently buried in thought. Catharine raised her fine dark eyes to his, with a look of anxious enquiry; it was such a look as the masterly pencil of a Raphael would have given to a commiserating spirit, looking down with pity on the sufferings of an expiring saint; and it was a look, gentle reader, which penetrated the very soul of

Ormsby. How sudden, how indescribable is the effect of sympathy on the human mind. The features of Ormsby underwent an instant transition; the wildness which had before visited his countenance was vanished, tenderness beamed from his eyes, and a mild melancholy diffused itself over his features. It did not, indeed, indicate that his heart was at ease; but it evinced that the tumult of his soul was quieted, that the wilder passions were subdued, and that reason had re-assumed her empire in his breast.

"Miss Selby," said he, "I fear I have incautiously hurried you." "No apologies, I entreat," said Catharine; "but tell me, are you better than when I left you?" "Mine, I repeat, is but a mental malady," said he. "Would to heaven you would be my confidant!" "If I

could serve you, Mr. Ormsby," said Catharine—she paused. "You can, at least, console me," he replied. "If you think so, I have no objection to hearing the cause of your distress." Ormsby, after thanking her for her condescension, proceeded to inform her of many things with which the reader is already acquainted. He slightly mentioned the long intimacy which had subsisted between the family of Lord Hubert and his own; of the secret agreement between the fathers for a union of their children, and spoke, without reserve of the reluctance he had felt at the thoughts of becoming the husband of Miss Pedigree, from the first hour that it had been proposed to him; of the extreme dislike which he had to the fastidious manners and flighty conduct of the pretty Selima.

Nevertheless, he continued, I considered myself bound in honour to fulfil those engagements which Sir James had formed for me I have watched, narrowly, to see if time or chance would discover any traces of sensibility in the heart of Selima, by which I could form a more favourable opinion of her character, but I have watched in vain; she is incapable of a tender attachment—she thinks unbounded love and admiration due to her superior charms, and looks with frigid contempt on those whose understanding will not suffer them to pay the tribute her weak vanity would exact from them. Lady Hubert has, by her own example, and unbounded fondness, increased the follies of her daughter, while the credulous father implicitly yields the little understanding that wine has left him, to their

guidance, and sees every object exactly through the medium they prescribe to him. Hence it is that he has, for some time, supposed that I have given an indirect insult to him, by not hastening my marriage with his daughter. Happy indeed was it for me, that I was not blindly hurried into an indissoluble engagement with her; for I have made a discovery of such an infamous nature as I can scarce bring myself to shock your purity by the relation of it. "Miss Selby, would you believe that Selima Pedigree is frail as fair?" "Surely," said Catharine, "you must have been misinformed?" "No, no," he replied, "do not think me capable, upon slight grounds, of villifying a woman's fame; the stroke of the midnight assassin is not more dastardly, than that of the wretch who throws the

dart of calumny at the reputation of a woman; but I have proof that cannot be controverted—yet I will, if possible, save Miss Pedigree from infamy; but I cannot make that woman the guardian of my honour, who has shown herelf so little able to defend her own." Here the appearance of Mr. Selby interrupted the conversation; he came in pursuit of Ormsby, to inform him the Pedigrees were leaving the house in great anger, and that Sir James requested to see him immediately. He bowed to Catharine and departed with his friend. Catharine was again left to form conjectures of occurrences which she could not fathom, followed them slowly to the house, and busied herself in making a few necessary preparations for her journey home, which was to take place the following day.

While she is so employed, we will relate to our readers a few facts with which they are unacquainted.

Mr. Selby, who was given with reverential awe

> To read God's awful name, emblazon'd high,
> With golden letters on the illumin'd sky,
>
> BARBAULD,

had frequently, when so engaged, seen, at a late hour, a female form glide through the pleasure grounds, and after being absent a considerable time, return the same way, mostly attended by an elegant looking man. He fancied, and he feared that the frail fair one was Miss Pedigree; but who could be her companion at such an hour and in such a place, seemed an enigma which he could not solve. That it was not Ormsby he was very certain, and in the vicinity of the manor there

was only a few straggling farm houses, intermixed with cottages inhabited by labourers. He pondered for some days on the propriety of acquainting Ormsby with this seeming mystery; at length, after mature deliberation, he determined to communicate his suspicions to him. Thunderstruck with surprise, he agreed to watch that night in the chamber which Mr. Selby occupied. He did so—the night was favourable, and the fair Selima (for her indeed it was) again quitted the house, after all the family was retired. She was met upon the lawn by the same person as Mr. Selby had before seen. She put her hand through his arm, and they struck into an interior path. Mr. Selby and Ormsby then descended to the drawing-room, which communicated by a flight of stone stairs, with the garden;

there they discovered the attendant of Miss Pedigree sitting on a sopha, waiting, as they supposed, the return of her lady. Struck with surprise, she endeavoured to account for her strange appearance there at so late an hour; but they passed her without attending to the apology she was framing, and crossing the lawn, struck into a path which led to an hermitage, thinking they might meet the imprudent pair, who had taken a more circuitous path. Presently the sound of voices reached them; they paused, and heard enough to convince them that the vanity of making a difficult conquest over a professed libertine, had thrown the unfortunate Selima into the power of an unprincipled man.

In the course of their conversation, he entreated her to hasten, by every possible

expedient, her marriage with Ormsby, in order that they might meet with less restraint. He spoke of her attractions in the flighty terms of romantic passion, complimented her taste, extolled her beauty, and cursed, most vehemently, his own ill-fortune, which had shackled him, before he knew his lovely Selima, to a dull piece of domestic mechanism. Disgusted with such monstrous duplicity, our friends returned silently to the house, and entered it by the same way which they had quitted it; the servant was not in the drawing-room, and they seated themselves there in order to wait the arrival of the lady, who soon after entered, fastened the door cautiously after her, coughed gently—a light trembled in the passage, and the lady tripped lightly through the room, without knowing that

she was observed. Mr. Selby and his friend soon after retired, not to rest, but to consult on the most proper steps to be taken to unravel so perplexing a thread of intricacies, without destroying the character of the imprudent, the thoughtless Selima.

While they were deeply engaged in conversation, a gentle rap at the door surprised them; on opening it, the servant of Miss Pedigree appeared. Her lady had roused by a few peevish expressions, an irritable temper. She had been all day on the point of divulging the secret to Lady Hubert; the occurrences of the evening determined her to be the first to expose her frail-confiding mistress, hoping, by that means, to free herself from the imputation of being accessary to her imprudence. From her they

learnt, that the monster who had seduced her lady, was a member of the peerage, though his conduct was an indelible disgrace to the family from which he sprang, and to the rank which he bore; that he was the unworthy husband of an amiable woman, and the guilty father of a virtuous family; that he had been for some days, under pretence of indisposition, the inhabitant of a neighbouring farm-house; that his rank was not known, and that the next day was fixed on for his return to London. Having left his home, without informing his lady whither he was gone, it would be necessary for him to be a few days visible in London, in order to account for his absence with more plausibility.

After the loquacious Abigail had related her tale, she arose to retire. Mr.

Selby severely reprehended her for not having earlier informed Lady Hubert of the whole transaction, and concluded by desiring her never to mention the least circumstance of it to any other person.

The next morning, we have before seen, that Mr. Ormsby was summoned to the presence of Lord Hubert. As he entered the chamber Lady Hubert quitted it. After a little preparatory conversation, Lord Hubert peremptorily insisted on the marriage being solemnized within the week, or that he should consider all connections between them broken for ever.

Ormsby replied, that as he at present felt no sentiments for Miss Pedigree, beyond those of a common acquaintance, he must excuse him for saying, that he could not think of marrying her till he

found his heart more sensible of her attractions. Lord Hubert who had been wrought on by his lady, gave way to the spleen, with which she had inspired him. He bestowed on Ormsby a copious share of virulent language, very little of which he condescended to answer. At length he told him, that if he despised his friendship, he should feel his enmity.

Unable to comprehend the meaning of so strange a menace, Ormsby quitted him, and went in pursuit of the Baronet, whom he found in the library. It was an unfortunate moment, for he was calculating all the advantages which would arise from the completion of his favourite project. When the tale his son related struck, as with a magic talisman, his air-built sabric to the ground—he, poor old man, trembled with disappointment and

vexation, "George," said he, "your strange dislike to Selima Pedigree will bring disgrace and ruin upon my latter days." "Know, Sir," cried George, in tones of astonishment, "I do not understand you!" "I have ever been," replied Sir James, "unwilling to distress you, by relating that which you could not remedy. When the title of Dewberry was solicited for your deceased brother, it run me into many unavoidable expences, and I was before that much embarrassed in my pecuniary affairs, Lord Hubert generously assisted me with a loan of ten thousand pounds. The marriage in question was then agreed on, and the money was to continue as part of Miss Pedigree's portion. The great partiality which Lord Hubert has ever entertained for you, led him cheerfully to enter

into any project likely to ensure success to our future views. Our hopes are blighted, his pride is wounded; I have every thing to fear from his enmity; for though a warm friend, I know he is, when offended, an implacable enemy. He will, most likely, instantly demand the payment of his bond. If he should rigidly exact it, it will plunge me into difficulties that I shall never surmount." "Dear sir," cried George, "we can retrench our expences and retire to a cheaper habitation." "What!" cried Sir James, in extreme perturbation, "leave the abode of my youth, the mansion of my forefathers, where every object reminds me of the antiquity of my race, of the hospitality of my ancestors, and become a wanderer, a vagabond, an exile from my hereditary-home." "Oh

heaven! forbid," cried George, "that any act of mine should ever make you so, I would do any thing in nature to save you from disappointment, but wed a woman whom I cannot love."

The Baronet did not answer, and his son, overcome by contrariety of emotions, rushed into the garden, where, we have before seen he met the interesting Catharine. Mr. Selby saw his friend from a window, and conjecturing that some explanation had taken place between the Baronet and his son, which had equally distressed both; he gladly obeyed a summons which he received from the former, and attended him in the library, where, after an hour's conversation, he had the pleasure to leave him more reconciled to his disappointment.

The Pedigrees, in the mean time, departed without any explanation, and scarce deigned to return the common courtesies of good breeding to Sir James, who attended them to their carriage. At dinner, Sir James seemed to breathe in another atmosphere; all the late restraint which had so visibly appeared in his behaviour to Catharine, was entirely vanished, and he treated her with the same good humoured familiarity as on her first visit to the manor. After the cloth was removed, Catharine again strolled into the garden to take, as she there imagined, a long, long farewell of her favourite walks. The rustic temple was not forgotten; but scarcely had she entered it, before Ormsby again appeared. "Will you forgive me, Miss Selby" said he, "for again intruding on

your solitude!" "I did not come to continue any time here," said Catharine, "but merely to take a farewell view of the charming scene." "A farewell view!" replied Ormsby. "And do you, indeed, leave us to-morrow?" "Most assuredly," was the reply, after a pause of a moment, in which Ormsby seemed irresolute in what manner to proceed. He resumed the conversation which Mr. Selby had interrupted in the morning; after enumerating those circumstances with which our readers are already acquanted, he concluded by observing, "The hurry of spirits which you this morning witnessed, proceeded from the anxiety for my father's peace—the bare idea of reducing him to distress, is horribly afflictive; yet I cannot make concessions to people I despise, or unite my

fate to a woman whose principles I abhor." He paused.—"Never," cried Catharine, "did I know, till now, the value of wealth.—Would to heaven I possessed the power, how willingly would I exert it to free your father from such distressing embarrassments."

Certain it was that Ormsby had not then intended to explain to Catharine the sentiments with which she had inspired him; but there was just then such a sweet softness in the voice and manner of Catharine, as induced him, without reserve, to open his whole heart to the mistress that presided over it! Catharine was superior to the light trifling which characterises too many of her sex on similiar occasions. To be free, the honoured choice of such a heart as Ormsby's, raised her higher in her own estimation

than she had ever stood before: her sentiments of him were not such as she need conceal, nor did she attempt to do it.

When pressed by him to allow an intercourse by letters, she replied, "that if he would gain Sir James's consent, and that of her brother." Ormsby shook his head. "Time," said Catharine, "may work miracles; do not let us give our friends reason to complain of our conduct towards them—the practice of dissimulation would not add to your security or my repose." Ormsby looked grave and disappointed. "Be satisfied," continued Catharine, "with an assurance, that I will tenderly cherish the heart you have given me; honoured by your choice, rich in your affections, I shall indulge the fond hope that time, aided by the energies of your own mind,

will enable you to surmount all the difficulties that at present surround you; and trust me the sweet beams of serenity will yet gild the evening of your father's days!" "Dear consoling, but too prudent Catharine," cried Ormsby, "your sweetness, your candour, your tenderness, bind me to you by ties so firm, so indissoluble, that nothing but death can ever disunite; but promise me, Catharine," cried he, "earnestly, solemnly promise me, that you will one day be mine." "Many things may intervene," replied Catharine, "to prevent the completion of such a promise—but this I most readily aver, that I will never be another's." At her request they then returned to the house, the evening passed serenely pleasant, and the next morning

they set out for Clayfield, where they arrived without accident or delay.

In the meantime Lord Hubert Pedigree took the necessary steps for the recovery of his bond. Happily Ormsby found fewer difficulties than he had expected in arranging his father's affairs, who left it entirely to his management. When the matter became public, a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who highly valued the character of Osmsby, generously enabled him to clear himself from the obligations he lay under to the Pedigrees. The deluded Selima shortly after eloped from the protecting roof of her fond mistaken parents, with a young adventurer, thrown, it was said, purposely in her way, by the wretch who had first lured her from the path of peace. When Sir James heard of this transaction, he congratulated his

son on his fortunate escape from a union with so unprincipled a woman. "I think I see the magnet to which your heart points," cried he,—"go to your amiable Catharine, and tell her I am a convert to a principle I have long thought that I could never adopt. It is this—that *virtue* is the truest patent of *nobility*."

It is needless to say, that George Ormsby gladly availed himself of the Baronet's permission to visit his lovely friend. He travelled post to Clayfield, nor left the cottage till he had prevailed on Mr. Selby and Catharine to return with him to the manor, where Sir James received them with unfeigned pleasure and affection. In his presence, they soon after received the nuptial benediction. Mr. Selby, at the earnest re-

quest of Sir James, left his cottage and became again an inmate at the manor. Mr. and Mrs. Ormsby were a blessing to their family, the delight of their friends, and a bright example of conjugal felicity to all that came within the sphere of their attraction. They scattered, with liberal hands, the blessings of benevolence round the habitations of virtuous indigence; they shunned the haunts of dissipation, avoided the dwellings of luxury, and reared their felicity on the firm basis of rectitude and self-esteem. Their well-ordered home was the habitation of repose—the voice of discord never disturbed their serenity; in short, they flourished long in tender bliss, and reared a numerous offspring, lovely like themselves, and good, "*the grace of all the country round.*"

PITY RECOMMENDED TO YOUTH.

A STORY.

IN times of old there lived a man near a great forest. He was a keeper of sheep, and had, as the story goes, a very large family. Some of his children were grown up, and some were infants. There was one in the cradle and two upon the lap. The mother was a woman who was a noted spinner, and she set all the girls to work as soon as they could hold the wool in their hands, and had strength enough to turn round the wheel: while the father took care to find, out of doors, work for the boys. Some were herds-boys, and some that were too weak for hard work, scared the birds from the corn.

Now it was reported by the neighbours of the adjacent village, that the old shepherd was a mighty odd character, and that he bred up his family in a very different manner from the maxims of his poor neighbours. As he was unable to give them the advantage of a classical education, and teach them Latin and Greek, he was resolved to educate them in such accomplishments as his situation permitted. He was a man of great tenderness and natural simplicity, and often said to his children—"Do all the good you can, boys, but be sure you do no harm. You must all labour for a livelihood, but you may always get your bread innocently; and the bread that is honestly earned, will be always sweet. I am myself obliged to attend a flock. Your mother is compelled to spin. To the

poor sheep, therefore, we are both indebted. They furnish us with food and raiment. I therefore love the harmless creatures, and would not hurt them for all they are worth: let this teach you to behave properly to poor dumb animals, and use them as they deserve, and may thy father's curse overtake thee, if at any time ye do wrong to those which do no wrong to thee; for be assured, wanton cruelty will be always returned upon the tormentor." The whole family listened to the old man's argument, and it would have been well for them if they had always obeyed the precepts of their father. But now comes the cream of the story.—Pray therefore attend.——The eldest son had one day taken the nest of a magpie, which consisted of five young ones, and a sixth just bursting from the

shell. He carried them home to his brothers and sisters, to each of which he gave a bird, but the little nestling he gave to one of the children in the lap, who wrapping it up in a piece of flannel, put it in a small wicker basket, and set it to the fire.—The boy that found the nest, tied a string to the leg of his bird, and cruelly dragged it after him. The second son run pins through the eyes of his bird, and took a delight in seeing it bleed to death. The third gave his to the cat, or rather pretended to give it, for he held it first pretty close to puss's whiskers, and then pulled it away from her, but at last, she bounced upon it, and carried off one of his legs. The eldest daughter intended to have taken care of her's, but one of her brothers having murdered his own, seized upon her property, and both

pulling the poor wretch different ways, it died in the contest—and the youngest girl, now in possession of the only bird that was left, put her's into a cage, and covered it over with wool. At this crisis, the mother, who had been gleaning, and the old shepherd, returned home. The limbs of the dead birds were seen upon the floor, and the cat was busily employed in a corner, at clearing them away. The old man insisted upon the truth. The trembling boy confessed it. "Barbarous wretches!" cried the shepherd; "is this the return for my care and instruction? —But I will punish ye for it." The eldest son he tied by the leg, and did to him as he did to the bird. The second son he scratched with pins till his hands were all over blood. At the third he set his dog, who caught him by the leg as he

was used to do the sheep. The eldest daughter, who had lost her bird, he pitied. He kissed the second daughter, which had put her poor thing into the cage; but he hugged to his very heart the little creature that had placed the nestling in a warm basket by the fire. Now it pleased God that about six or seven months after this the eldest son (which had been the cause of all this mischief) fell sick and died, and many people are now living who say, that as he was going to be put into the ground, the ravens, rooks, kites, and other vast birds, all flew over his coffin, screamed, and could by no means be got away. Nor could he rest in his grave for them, because the animals were always digging up the earth under which he lay, as if they were resolved to eat him up. And

some declare he is actually gone. I beg pardon, school-fellows, for this long story, but I shall finish directly. I cannot help mentioning to you the different fate of the good little girl that treated the poor animal tenderly. A year after the death of her brother, she died herself of the small pox, and I do assure you, it has been told to me for fact, that her grave is a perfect garden, for the robins do not suffer a single weed to grow upon it; and God Almighty has adorned it with wild field flowers, as innocent as the baby which they cover.

THE

FAITHLESS GUARDIAN.

A MORAL TALE.

SINKING under the weight of complicated disorders, the pressure of which he bore with the fortitude of a man, strengthened by the considerations of a christian, Mr. Melbourn, whose fortune in land or money was large, thought it expedient to put the last hand to the adjustment of his worldly affairs. The principal object of his attention in this frame of mind, was, naturally, his son, a very promising youth, whom he had sent to Geneva, in order to finish his studies at a place in favour of which he could not help feeling strong prejudices, as he had, himself, been there educated.

In consequence of a determination to settle his worldly affairs, while he was in a condition to attend to them, while he was apprehensive of being soon rendered incapable of executing his designs, he dispatched a letter by express to the most intimate of his friends, the man of whose honour and integrity he had the highest opinion, with an earnest request to come to him, without delay, as he had something of much importance to communicate to him before he died.

Mr. Naunton was, at the time he received this importunate letter from his old friend, at the house of a near relation he had in the north of England; and having great reason to suppose from the contents of it, as he was not a person apt to be alarmed at trifles of any kind, that his dissolution was approaching, he made

immediate preparations for his journey to Essex, in which county, his paternal one, he had, for some years, lived in a retired manner, the ill state of his health not permitting him to endure the fatigue or to relish the bustle of a public life.

As soon as Mr. Melbourn heard of his friend's arrival, he expressed particular satisfaction, received him with unusual cordiality, and in a few minutes entered upon the business which he had so deeply at heart.—"My dear friend," said he, leaning forward in his easy chair, resting one of his hands upon the table which stood by him, and the other upon a crutch-stick which had assisted him in walking towards the door to welcome him to Melbourn-park, "I was never so glad to see you."—After having thanked him for the expedition he had

made from his uncle's, he thus proceeded. —"Your appearance here is at this time singularly agreeable to me.—I am not, you well know of a timorous disposition: I can see the approaches of death without shrinking at them, but I cannot divest myself of all concerns about this world in such a manner as not to be desirous of having my son under the protection of a man who will not only take the greatest care of his fortune, during his short minority, but do every thing he can think of to improve what he is to inherit on his coming to age.—Now as I firmly believe you to be this man, I have appointed you his guardian with full power to make him what allowance you please, till he has right to the full possession of his inheritance."

Mr. Melbourn having thus unbosomed himself with regard to his son, acquainted his friend with the other parts of his will.

In answer to this confidential speech, Mr. Naunton declared, in the strongest, and most affectionate terms, that he would be more than a guardian, a parent to his son, whom he looked upon as a young gentleman of promising talents, and sound principles, and follow all his injunctions with the utmost punctuality.

Mr. Melbourn now feeling his parental sensations too painful to be kept within his own breast, gave a loose to them, not without being forced to make use of his handkerchief more than once. —"Excuse me, my dear friend, for this weakness,"—said he, after having wiped the last tears which fell from his eyes.

"You need not make any apology for your tears," answered Mr. Naunton, interrupting him.—"They do you a great deal of credit: the absence of your son at this juncture, must necessarily be felt severely by you; but as you are not," continued he with a consoling smile, "going to leave us yet, I should imagine that if you informed him, in a letter of your wish to see him, you may enjoy that satisfaction in a few weeks."

"A few weeks, my friend," replied Mr. Melbourn, shaking his head. "A few days will in all human probability, put a period to my existence here. I must not think of weeks in this world."

This last speech was prophetical, he died before the end of the third day from the delivery of it.

Mr. Naunton wrote immediately to Geneva to acquaint young Melbourn with his father's death, and with the power which he had vested in him during his minority.

George Melbourn received the news of his father's death with a sorrow which was sincere: his filial duty, and his filial affection had ever been from his earliest days, happily united. Nor was he dissatisfied with the choice he had made of a guardian for him, as he had always been treated by Mr. Naunton in a way extremely pleasing to him; he was, however, chagrined to find that he must wait three years, being but eighteen, before he could take possession of his patrimony. This chagrin was occasioned by an amorous connection. He had contracted an intimacy with a young lady at Geneva

of the tenderest nature, and felt all the impatience of the most romantic lover, when her mother, upon his offering to marry her, on his father's decease, assured him that she would not give her consent till he was in a situation to make a proper settlement on her child.

The name of this cautious lady was Dubois—She was an Englishwoman by birth, but having married a native of Geneva, in a very good commercial way, and upon his expressing a strong desire to visit the place of his nativity, in a decline, readily accompanied him to the continent. At Geneva, she buried him with his ancestors, and was afterwards induced, from the civilities paid to her by his relations, to spend the remainder of her days with them.

Isabella Dubois, on the arrival of young Melbourn, was marriageable: she was also an agreeable, sensible accomplished girl. With her George commenced an acquaintance, by studying under the same preceptor with a cousin of hers on the father's side; that acquaintance gradually rose into an intimacy, and that intimacy became more endearing to them both by their mutual prepossessions.

George had as good an opinion of Mr. Naunton as of any man he knew, when he received the letter of advice above mentioned; but Mrs. Dubois soon afterwards infused suspicious into his mind concerning him.—"I wish there may not be some juggling in this affair.—I do not like the appearance of things. Not suffer you to choose another guardian!

There is something odd, I think, in this prohibition: and it is worth while to make an enquiry about it. Mr. Naunton must surely have had a bad design when he prevailed on your father to give him an unlimited authority over you as a guardian.

These suggestions made no small impression on George. Hitherto he had seen nothing in Mr. Naunton to encourage a supposition that he would not act with the greatest uprightness in the discharge of his trust, on his account: but the idea of being confined even to him was now extremely disquieting, and the doubts with which that idea was attended, hastened his return to England. He now was impatient to see his father's will with his own eyes, and at the same time exceedingly loth to leave the mis-

tress of his affections. The last interview between them was tender beyond description, but it was also short; Mrs. Dubois, being governed by interest more than love, would not suffer the young heir to a large fortune to linger with her daughter, when she wanted him to examine into the state of his affairs in England.

Mr. Naunton, at the time Mr. Melbourn appointed him the guardian of his son, with uncommon privileges, was, perhaps, as worthy a man as ever existed; a man whose honour had never been questioned, whose moral character had never been stained. Unfortunately, however, in a little while after the interment of his friend, he fell into company with a set of gamblers who fleeced him to such a degree that he found himself in a

very embarrassed situation. In this situation he felt his integrity give way, and actually formed a scheme not only to keep his ward upon the continent till he was of age, but to prevent his molesting him, after that period, in his state of usurpation. Animated by this project, he was eager to proceed to business, and employed a person on whose fidelity he thought he could depend, to be his agent upon the occasion To put his new machine into motion, him he dispatched to Geneva, with discretionary powers, and flattered himself that his manœuvres would be as successful as he wished them to prove.

The person whom Mr. Naunton employed upon this indefensible occasion, had formerly been a servant in his family, and had saved money enough to set him-

self up in a little glove-shop; his name was Jenkins, and he readily undertook the commission with which he was trusted, as he had a reward of no small consequence to him in view.

With much alacrity Jenkins, leaving his wife to take care of the shop during his absence, set off for Dover; from thence he sailed with a fair wind for Calais, arrived there after a short passage, and proceeded with the utmost expedition by land. Before he arrived at the place of destination, he was diverted from the execution by an incident upon the road, which struck him on account of its similarity to the business he had undertaken, smote his conscience, and determined him not only to save Melbourn from the snare laid for him, but to furnish him with sufficient materials to deliver

himself from the hands of his faithless guardian.

On his arrival at Geneva with intentions so different from those with which he left England, it may be imagined Jenkins was very much chagrined to find that Melbourn had quitted his apartments there, in order to return to his native country, being apprehensive that as he was unprepared against the danger which threatened him, he might fall into the power of the only man whom he had reason to dread as well as detest.

While Jenkins was making his enquiries after Mr. Melbourn, the cousin of Isabella happened to be present with his preceptor, and could not help being inquisitive, in his turn, supposing from his mode of interrogation, that something of great importance, relating to him was

kept concealed. His own curiosity, added to the sincere regard he felt for Isabella, rendered him, at last, so importunate, that Jenkins, perceiving he was curious, not from impertinence, but from a concern for the welfare of his fellow student, made a full confession of the business which he had promised to transact, but which never should, he solemnly declared, be transacted by him.

This confession gave those who heard it a good opinion of the repentant agent, but a very bad one of the man who had employed him. Dubois was, for some time, doubtful with regard to the communication of it to his cousin, but thinking, afterwards, that she ought to be acquainted with every thing relating to her lover, he carried Jenkins to her.

Jenkins, renewing his confession, assured both Isabella and her mother, who was present—assured them, in the strongest terms, that he would do all in his power, on his return to England, to rescue Mr. Melbourn from any disagreeable situation into which he might be thrown by his guardian, from whom he had no reason to expect any fair proceedings.

Mrs. Dubois and her daughter both expressed the highest approbation of his laudable resolves, and both pressed his immediate departure from Geneva, having each of them, from the disclosures he had made, felt very disquieting sensations on Melbourn's account. He readily, complied with their wishes, repeated the assurances which had given them as much satisfaction as they could receive in their new state of anxiety, and

promised to inform them faithfully of every step concerning Mr. Melbourn, if he should be unfortunately prevented from writing himself.

It is now time to enquire after him. On his arrival in England he went post to the place from which Mr. Naunton had dated his letter.

Naunton, having just at that moment, made free with a sum of money which belonged to his ward, was pleasing himself with the thoughts of his being locked up with lunatics in a foreign country.—He was more surprised therefore than he had ever been in his life, when he heard the name of Melbourn annouuced. However, he had presence of mind enough to determine (supposing he had left Swisserland before Jenkins arrived there) upon a manner of acting sufficient to increase

his confidence, that he might carry his design against him into execution in England. Accordingly, as soon as he appeared, he ran towards him, with open arms, embraced him with the most flattering marks of an affectionate friendship, welcomed him in the most cordial terms to his native land, and assured him with a fervour which might easily have been deemed sincere by a young fellow "unhackneyed in the ways of men," that he should find in him both a guardian and a father.

Melbourn who left England with the strongest prejudices from what he had seen of his behaviour, from what he had known of his character, in Mr. Naunton's favour, felt them still operating with their usual force, and was so touched by his concluding expression, that his eyes

were dimmed by the emotions of his heart. It was in consequence of those emotions that he afterwards informed his guardian of his attachment at Geneva. This information produced a reply of so encouraging a nature, that he ventured to solicit a loan (for the re-payment of which, the estate under his care would be, he said, a sufficient security) as he found his Isabella absolutely necessary to his happiness, and found also that her mother would not consent to her being married to him, till he made a settlement on her, tho' she knew he would in a couple of years come into the possession of his estate.

Naunton, when his ward mentioned the coming into the possession of his estate," could not help laughing in his sleeve, to think how much he was de-

ceived; he kept his dishonest satisfactions, however, as much under as he could, and returned an answer that gave him much pleasure.—"Name your sum, my dear George, and you shall have it.—I have told you I would be a father to you, and I will not be worse than my word."

Animated by this answer, George fixed upon the sum which would enable him to make a settlement on the mistress of his affections, quite agreeable to her mother, thanked Mr. Naunton with the handsomest expressions for his cheerful compliance, took leave of him in high spirits, and wrote directly to Geneva: wrote two letters, the one to Mrs. Dubois, the other to Isabella. The principal contents of them may be easily conceived.

While he was sitting in his apartment, one evening, two days after this interview

with his guardian, he was roused from the reverie into which he had fallen, in a way totally unexpected. One of Mr. Naunton's servants entering the room in a violent hurry, told him that his master having been taken suddenly ill upon the road, in his way to Bath, upon particular business, begged to speak with him, as he could not be moved with safety, about on affair of the utmost importance.

George really believing that Mr. Naunton was in the condition related to him, obeyed the summons without the smallest hesitation.

"Get me a post chaise directly, Charles."

"There is one ready at the door, Sir —I was ordered to bring one with me."

In he went, and was conveyed—not to

his guardian, but to the master of a mad-house.

When he had been confined in that house, a few weeks, Jenkins returned, and waited on his base employer, to make enquiries after Mr. Melbourn, imagining he must have been with him by that time, and met with a very gracious reception, as the change which had been wrought in him by the compunctions of his conscience, was not in the least suspected.

Jenkins not a little pleased to find that no suspicions were entertained concerning the revolution of his mind, that he had still indeed the greatest confidence reposed in him, took leave of Mr. Naunton with a commendable determination to release Melbourn, and to assist him in the punishment of a man who with

respect to him had been so censurable, so criminal.

Jenkins, tho' he was eager to rescue Melbourn out of the hands of his enemies, acted with a great deal of discretion. His first visit was to a gentleman in the neighbourhood, who from his fortune, character, and commission, as justice of the peace, had a very extensive authority; he was also held in no small estimation by the first personages in power in the kingdom. By the round unvarnished tale which he delivered to this gentleman, he considerably smoothed his way to the releasement of Melbourn, and he carried a mandate with him in his pocket, which made the person to whom he delivered it very glad to surrender his prisoner.

Upon the entrance of Jenkins into the dark room in which he was shut up in

" durance vile," George shrunk back with a kind of horror at the sight of him. Not having forgot that he was in the service of his guardian on his departure from England, he concluded that his appearance boded no good. Agreeably, therefore, was he surprised when Jenkins declared the nature of his visit, but inexpressibly also was he shocked at the account which he gave of his guardian's behaviour.

To render the happiness which George felt on his being reconducted to his own apartments still more exquisite, he met his Isabella and her mother, on the road to them. To describe this new rencontre, is impossible—it was in the highest degree pleasurable on all sides.

To conclude, George was, in a short time, supremely blest with the woman of

his heart, chose another guardian, in the room of Naunton, (who saved himself from the correction he merited by being his own executioner) and on his coming of age, entered upon the full possession of his inheritance.

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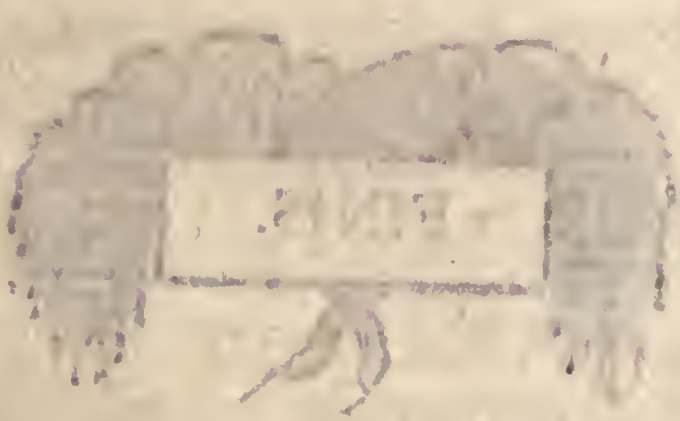

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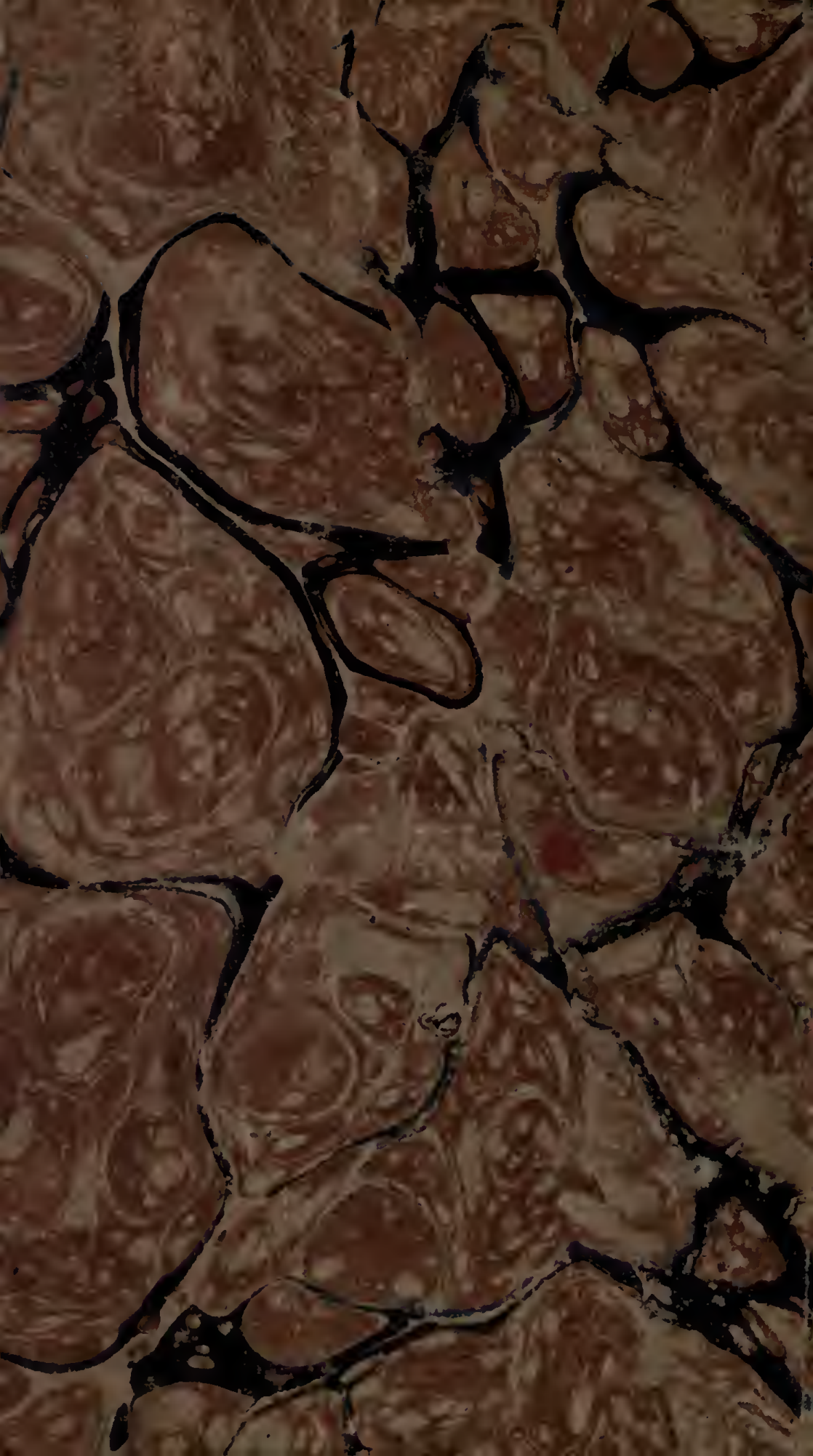
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